

“A Villanelle About Caffeine”

I’m pissing downwards like a barrel of concrete
Pouring at a forty-five-degree angle, a tilted framing known as Dutch.
My stressed, over-pressured heart rapidly beats.

The bottle’s label promises these pills will keep my focus neat,
My mind alert, and my body awake. Sitting down, my legs shake so much
That I’m pissing. Downwards like a barrel of concrete,

My eyes watch my hands shake violently, fretful, and anxiously in defeat;
A unique artist by many, but to me, I am a hack – nothing I write seems to touch
My stressed, over-pressured heart. It rapidly beats

As I consume another yellow pill as my treat,
Swallowed down with the sweet, carbonated energy drink and such
I’m pissing downwards again. Like a barrel of concrete,

I must continue my flow of work; faster or slower, I must meet
Another upcoming deadline marked down on my calendar. I panic so much
My stressed, over-pressured heart rapidly beats

Faster; I’m pulling off my pants and taking a seat.
Sweat pours down my face, my bowels release everything quickly and such,
But I’m pissing downwards like a barrel of concrete,
As my stressed, over-pressured heart rapidly beats.

“Engagement”

The green grass clothing Nature's hill breezed ever right
As a young couple holding hands frolic and laugh together,
Feeling the prickly needles of a Douglass fir tree
And the velvety petals of the yellow daffodils, red roses, and purple tulips.

The young man, his face lit by the golden hour sunlight,
Asks the woman to shut her ocean-blue eyes together.
He pulls from his left pocket, a case, and bends on one knee,
Holding that, and a bouquet of daffodils, roses, and tulips.

He rehearses those seven words repeatedly, trying to fight
Back the sweat on his forehead, and his stomach and heart dropping together.
He opens the case carrying a diamond ring and asked her, "Will you marry me?"
She responded with a "Yes," proceeding to hug and kiss him on his pink lips.